

THE
Confecration of MARCELLUS

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THE
CONFESSION OF MARCELLUS

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THE
CONSECRATION
OF
MARCELLUS.
AN
ODE,

In Memory of the Illustrious PRINCE
WILLIAM,
Duke of GLOUCESTER.

*Ostendunt Terris hunc tantum Fata, neq; ultra
Esse sinunt: Virg. Æn. 6.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for H. Playford at the Temple-Change,
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are to be Sold by John Nutt near Stationers-
Hall, 1700.

He threw his wandering Eye
 Along a distant Scene,
 Full of Actions, full of Men
 The Prospect of succeeding Times, and long Futurity;
 The first, a dazzling Form, began the view:
 That near, and in its native Bulk appeared,
 High on a Throne of Justice rear'd:
 Round him in list'ning Crowds the Many drew:
 These the Commanding Monarch avow;
 And as he led 'em once to Wars,
 And taught 'em what Himself had learn'd from Mars:
 To Pleasure now he leads, and Ease,
 And teaches milder Arts of Peace,
 Dispensing Ballanc'd Right, and Forming wholesome Laws;
 High on his Royal Forehead fate,

A smiling Calm, that mixt and temper'd lofty State:
 Uncommon Glories, and peculiar Grace,
 Confess the God, and tell his Heavenly Race?
 'Twas CÆSAR Great and Good
 That can make distant Nations join,
 And with inspiring Conduct lead the following World to War:
 Then with a Nod
 Exert the God,
 And hush the raging Storms, and bid it cease,
 And backward lead us to our ancient Peace,
 Then tell us how to Use the Gift himself bestow'd.

Janus knew the mighty Man:
 Lately he saw him in his Hallow'd Place:
 When just retir'd from Adams,
 And sweating with incessant Toils,
 He first undress'd him from his Arms,
 And hung the weighty Spoils:
 Then shut the Mystick Gate, and chain'd the foaming Monster
 And charg'd it, Plague the World no more:
 That Gnashing sits with horrid Grin
 And beats the bolted Door:
 And when Consenting Fates again the Monster loole
 Shall fly, and scatter baleful War, and Pollution, where the gods;
 CÆSAR, lov'd in Earth and Heaven,
 Janus bids, the Gods advise thee:
 Joy is fleeting, Life decreasing

Peace invites, and Pleasures court thee,
 And soft Ease attends about thee,
 Now it flutters, now it Flies thee,
 Wisely seize the present Blessing,
 To the Earth thy Self hast given;
 And see! beyond the visionary Throne,
 Opens a long extended space;
 Stupendous Show, and spreading Grace,
 In various Forms the Glorious Distance crown;
 And here the prying God distinctly sees
 The last Great part of CÆSAR'S Life,
 In all its Years, and Months, and Days;
 The mighty Action marking out the Times,
 Which now in loose Idea's and rude Schemes,
 Just form'd, does with ambitious Scife,
 And forward Hast,
 Struggle within the vast capacious Mind;
 Eager of mighty Birth to bless Mankind,
 And make the present peaceful Age superior to the Past;
 Training Honours, crowding Fate,
 Just Dues to Valour, and Rewards of Worth,
 Wait, and press, and load his Name,
 Whilst kindly he endures to Linger here on Earth;
 See! Janus, Love and warren Pleasures
 Lasting Peace, Luxurious Plurisy
 Open all their boundless Treasures,
 Never spent, and never Empty;
 Soothing Ease, Commanding Power,
 Growing Wealth, and geyest Glory,
 How they Charm thee, and Invite thee,
 And prolong their Pomp before Thee;
 Foreign Friendship, (and long Science,
 (These our Golden Age made)
 Private Ease, and kind Compliance,
 Gainful Arts, and Busy Trade,
 In pleasing Images dress all the Rhin,
 And the Charming Scene extends
 These the Blessings that attend
 The coming Years of CÆSAR'S happy Reign;
 Pursue, Pursue, and fire compend
 The Loughy Vain,
 And the Prospect cast the Trav'ling Eye;
 'Tis only Bounded with the Sky:
 For thither CÆSAR must at last remove:

Con-

Consulting Gods already have agreed his Room,
 When e're th' expected mighty Soul shall Come,
 And from his ancient Vow absolve Indebted Jove!
 Be that the last Great Stage,
 That sees his latest Force,
 And ends the Glorious Course,
 And Crowns the Finish'd Age.

Janus leave the Tempting Sight,
 Whither, whither, wouldst Thou pry
 'Tis too Dazling, and too Bright,
 Now it Treads the whitened Way,
 And losing the passing Eye,
 It mixes with Eternal Light,
 And drowns in Day:

In vain thou follow it in the Shining Track,
 And do'st against too strong a Light engage
 When better Prospects draw thee back
 To view the meaner Glories of the Age;

There is an Object Great and Fair,
 That well deserves thy second Care
 See'st thou on that distant Plain
 Those little moving Images of Men?

Who such comely Order keep,
 And form a new delightful Scene
 The nimble Figures all in Arms appear,
 In every Rank each martial Form
 Wears some weildy Weapon;

Such as tender Limbs can bear,
 Some a Sword, and some a Spear
 Advancing Legions with unconquer'd Speed,
 To seeming Battle in just Method led
 Now mixing tender Shouts, and martial Sings
 And all with equal Steps in full Array

A wavy Lustre shows their shining Mail,
 And signifies approaching War
 See! now they meet, they mingle, and they mix
 And in the friendly Fight
 Noise, and Smoke, and Fire combine

To mock the War, and colour harmless Rage
 And some the Prospect call the Travelling Eye

'Tis only bounded with the Sky:

For either CAESAR must at last remove:

Con

Some with dissembled Blows delude the Wound:
And others Fall unhurt, and Bite the Ground:

They Kill, they Take, they Rally, they Retreat,

By Turns they yield,

And quit the Field;

And Act the Conduct of the Great;

But lo! a valiant Youth, and Heavenly Fair,

In burnisht Armour dress'd,

That does with noted Eminence appear,

Superiour to the rest,

Set'st thou, with what unequal Forces

He threw you broken Darts

And look! with what a Grace and Air

He sits the bounding Horse!

Or when on Foot, how loftily he Treads

And with Commanding State the willing Squadrons leads

Know'st that Ruling, that Imperial Seat

How much of Caesar's Image does it bear

That charming Look! That proper Grace

It must, it must be One of Caesar's Heavenly Race

And, hark! the following Crowd

Proclaims the mighty Name

MARCELLUS, Royal Boy,

Care of Earth, and Heaven's Joy

Thee we Honour, Thee we Love

Son of Caesar, Marcellus, Joy

Hear, Thou mighty Father, hear

May this great Joy transact the Air

Caesar's Crown, and Honour, and

To see the Perfect Heroe, and Enjoy the Man!

With such Beauty, and such Force

Hail, warlike Boy! 'tis Fate

That canst so soon in Arms and Toil

And do'st in Spots and Stains

And form thy easy Mind

Thus in his Youth, but Fate

Thy Ancestor the Trojan Boy

Descended from the long

Who first Transferr'd the

His mighty Trade in War

And early show'd the Future

And to this Torment Earth divide

This thy first Essay, and Attempt in Arms
 Nor stop't the blooming Warrior here,
 But long'd to try substantial Harms,
 And change an Empty Show to Real War.
 For ever shall OCTAVIA note the Day
 When Great AUGUSTUS stood
 On Tyber's sacred Flood;
 Just ready to Embark the Liquid Way:
 Attending Nations did his Presence call,
 To End the doubtful War, and Curb the haughty Gaul.
 Then, then, amidst the Throng,
 From his Octavia's Arms MARGARETUS sprung,
 And round the Monarch's Neck in clasping Turnings hung.
 How did he press him! How did he kiss the bounding Horse!
 How Embrace him! How did he whisper with each Kiss some warlike Thought,
 And tell him, that he long'd to go,
 And see in Camp what Heroes do.
 And how they Led, and how they fought,
 Nor Caesar's timely Care
 Nor the Mother's softer Fear,
 Could the Stubborn Youth dissuade from his
 Both persuade, and both in vain.
 Still he wish'd, still urg'd to go,
 Till Tears at last began to flow.
 Tears that Confess'd the Child, but Words the Man,
 Admiring Crowds the happy Queen blest,
 And quickning Joy transfixt the Mother's Breast.
 Happy the Age, which the kind Fate decreed,
 To See the Perfect Heroe, and Enjoy the Man!
 With such Beauty, and such Force,
 The Youth his Destinies began to see,
 And started to the Noble Arms and Helm,
 And open'd with such Light his shining Breast,
 What then shall his Mother's Breast
 Blest World, that shall his Youth see,
 When in Accomplish'd splendor Bright
 He shall with Measur'd Steps descend
 And Rising on his middle Spheres
 Lavish in Reaching Rays Dispend
 A strong Enlivening Influence
 And to the Prostrate Earth divide Impartial Light,
 Com:

Compar'd with This, how Fading and how Dim,
Does Young *Cæsar*'s Glory seem!
Cæsar, only Royal in his Name;
Rival in Empire, and in Fame;
Who far remov'd from Dreaded Arms,
And wantoning in *Egypt's* Court,
Dissolves in Luxury and Sport,
And Lolls away his Lazy Youth in *Chloë's* Arms.

Fain would I with Ambitious Pace,
A new extended Scheme of Future Glory Trace,
But Oh! a warning Fear forbids my Plan,
And tells me, that thou shin'st too bright to last:
Pst a Mistake! Forgive the Sawey Fear;
And will the Fates thy Virtues spare?
But they, alas! to all are true,
Impartially Distribute Common Death:
And with Rude Ungovern'd Rage,
They Crop the Tender Flow'r, and Gather Ripen'd Age;
Heedless of Blooming Youth and budding Prime,
They reckon Life by Action, not by Time;
It must be so; and see, how all the Plan,
Where thy first Little Life and Growing Acts were join'd,
Scarce yet Prolong'd to Half, is now a *Wreck*,
Hovers a Gloomy, Scowling Night,
And cast's an Envious shade between;
The Darkness closes the Enlarging Sight,
And break's abruptly the Unfinish'd Scene.

Ye Gods! or Fates! or whatso'er ye be,
Who manage Life, and Guide Mortality;
Instruct me in the Grand Dark Mystery of Death,
And, if by any, by what Rules we breath:

Do you at ev'ry Birth,
Settle a Destin'd Day,

That shall recal the Moving Form to Earth,
And to its Native Home reduce the Living Clay?

Why did you then with so much Art,
Such Beauties to one Perfect Being join?

Gave him a Finish'd Form, and brighten'd his fair Face,
Then to the Gazing Earth below,

Did the Charming Image show,

And

And from Admiring Man, how fading
 Snatch'd it back to Heaven again;
 To mock the wishing World, and Tempt Mankind,
 And is it thus ye Govern all beneath;
 Decreeing certain Laws of necessary Death;
 Or is it left to Fate's unbounded Power,
 To fix the Fated Hour.
 To Cloke our Frailties, and to show
 And tolls away his Day, Youth and Labour
 And measure out unequal Life to Man:
 Cruel God! that seldom Grants
 Some Noble Vain'd Wish;
 But he straight to Heaven Transfers
 The Lovely Flower from Earth;
 Tell us Envious Deity,
 What we Mortals owe to Thee;
 And can't thou still our Vows and Gifts require,
 New Altars, Rich Perfumes, Flow'rs and Wine,
 Down, the Sacred Structures, Down,
 All that do his Godhead adore,
 Burn his Shrines, his Temples Plunder,
 Break the Marble Forms in Powder,
 Snap the Spear, and Drop the Thunder,
 Cease hallow'd Flames, and Sacred Smoke,
 And Priests that do his Name adore,
 Only for Caesar's sake the Altar we will
 And give him Leave still to live;
 But let his other Statues fall,
 The Darkness close the Palace's Hall,
 As MARCELLUS, and break's abruptly the Unmind'd scene,
 This Revenge to him we owe:
 Thus, thus we atone
 The lovely Youth that's gone,
 The fairest Form of all,
 His only Image that we have;
 Do you at ev'ry birth,
 Settle a Destin'd Day,
 That shall recall the Moving Form to Earth;
 And to his Native Home reduce the Living Form;
 Why did you then with so much Art,
 But mingled with our dust, to one
 Gave him a Finish'd Form, and bade us
 Fly, to receive his Image;
 Then to the Gazing Earth below,
 The Charming Image show,
 And

Go, go, to the Pomp, and attend on the State:
 'Tis Noble, 'tis worthy of Heaven and Greatness;
 Now! now! the Heav'nly Quire,
 Their Voices and their vocal Strings prepare;
 All as MARCELLUS young, and all almost as Fair;
 Now with loose Hands their bended Quills they fling;
 Now gently touch the Golden Lyre;
 And taut the speaking String;
 Upward flies the weaken'd Sound;
 And spreads diffusive Harmony around:
 Melting and wild were their Measures;
 Soft was the Lay,
 Soft and gay;
 Soft as their Love, and Gay as their Pleasures;
 Now with elastic Bacchus Skill
 They drag the lazy Quill;
 And lengthen out the solemn Voice:
 The charm'd, the ravish'd Ear
 Does at leisure hear;
 And all the staving Sound enjoys:
 So stately the majestick Notes arise,
 And seem to meditate their stay;
 But forc'd, they Dying swim away;
 And bring upon the waked Siles;
 Now they shift and change their Air;
 From a languishing Ear, and a softness they pass;
 New Life, and new Motion, to their Strings they impart;
 How warbling the Notes! how they gather space;
 How they join! how they mix! and each other they chase!
 How willingly driven,
 Impatient of stay,
 They take Wings and away;
 And crowd and press upward to Heaven;
 Such is the Song, and so Divine,
 When Art and Joy in the Composition join;
 To charm the Prince, and his Affairs to grace;
 And give him Rest of soul and mind;
 Deserv'd an Harmony like this;
 Brisk as the motion of the Spheres, and as their Music sweet;
 That may had sway'd too long, and should no further Range:

To what a lofty pitch,
 Must *Rome's* extended Glory reach,
 Had but consenting Fates agreed,
 To lengthen out *MARCELLUS* days,
 And suffer'd him in *Octav's* Prisons
 And in his Empire to Succeede
 Nor was the Youth unworthy of a Crown,
 His Virtues try'd, his Valour seen,
 Second in both to none,
 And only next to Him, who
 Expecting Nations look't in vain,
 And hop'd the promis'd Blessings of his Reigne,
 With this they Recompens'd their Danger,
 Were told, that Camps and Arms no more
 For this their finish'd Toils and Wars
 And all their Labours they forgot:
Pharsalia's Plains, where vanquish'd
 And fixt the doubtful Sway, and lost his
 Then *Asium's* fresher Scars,
 When in the Common Cause,
 Of God's despis'd, and
 Consenting Subjects fought
 And those yet bleeding Wounds
 The last too warring Age
 In its declining
 O're-charg'd with Blood
 Was witness to
 Battles-gain'd, how they mix'd
 Compar'd with Publick Good:
 Did but unequally atone
 For Treasures drain'd, and vast Expenses
 To Discontent, a
 Complaining Nations fell:
 And loaded Prayers
 Enough to stop his whistling
 By their Great, Common, Daily
 They urg'd and press'd
 And that
 That *Mars* had sway'd too long, and should no farther Range:
 The

The God intreated did at last relent,
 The Iron Image shook with awful Noise,
 The solemn Sign of his Great Power,
 He shook the Mystic Glasses,
 And forc'd the Running Atoms round about,
 And as they swiftly flow'd,
 The Bloody Years were spent;
 But when old Cronos cast his Eye
 Upon the Charming Age,
 What Warmth, what Life, what Ecstasy
 Rap't, and fill'd his Mind!
 How oft the God the sacred Silence broke!
 What mighty Secrets did he tell
 In Mystic Oracle,
 And Great Dark Things to come with signs and wonders
 Now! Now! he cries, *MARCELLUS* shall be
 To *Cæsar* succed, *Cæsar* in his stead,
 What Plenty! What Riches! What Honour!
 What Joy without End!
 Since this Reigns before great *Mars*'s
 The other Above.
 Then swiftly, as he spoke, he forward flies,
 Eager to meet the coming Joys:
 But o! with too impetuous haste,
 He rashly wings his way,
 And too early, and too fast,
 Urging the Promis'd Day,
 He hurries on too far, and overmies his Prey;
 Weary'd and Panting, now he Gazes back,
 And Conscious own the Great Mistake:
MARCELLUS far behind he sees,
 A breathless Trunk extended on the Plain:
 Together with him prostrate lies
 The Hope and Promis'd Glory of his Reign:
 Nor shall the Body lie inglorious there,
 Though hardly that deserves our Care,
 Which could no better keep on Earth
 The mighty Soul, that to its Trust was Given,
 But

But suffer'd it to struggle forth
 And mounting Native Skins
 Yet to his Great Remains be the solemn
 That may our Duty show, and please the
 Already He's Proudly
 And by his Father's decree
 Learn from the Gods, ye Romans
 Those Off rings Virtues such as His
 Hast, hast, the Noble Pomp, and
 Upon the Charming
 That gives him Altars, Vases, and
 What Wonders
 Rapé, and fill'd his Mind!

How oft the God the sacred Silence broke!
 High on ranking Cedar
 Let a vast Pile its lofty Columns
 In Myrick
 And Great Dark
 Round it luxurious
 And Goblets in just
 To Caesar
 With massy Ore, the
 What Plenty!
 All Beauteous be the Frame,
 The Fairest ever deckt great *Mari's*
 Since this Reigns
 High on the gilded Spire,
 The other Above.
 An Eagle stands, the Royal Fowl,
 That watches the ascending Fire,

Prepar'd to snatch the mighty Soul
 Upon a Golden Bed beneath,
 Let the Lovely Body rest,
 But o! with too impetuous
 A better *Phoenix* in its balmy Nest
 He easily wings his way
 How stately, how August it
 And too early, and too
 Though pale the Looks, and
 Yet Charming still, and
 Uprising
 He hurries on too fast,
 Around the lower Pile,
 Weary'd and Fanning,
 In comely Ranks and equal
 And Conscious own
 Six hundred Beds the painted
 With *Tyrian* Purple spread, and golden
 A breathless
CÆSAR himself this Gift bestow'd
 Together with him
 A Gift to Love, and
 The Hope and Promise
 To Love, and Sorrow, for *MARCELLUS*
 Nor shall the body
 Worthy of him who Gave, and him to whom
 Though hardly
 Extended on the Downy Couches
 Which could no better
 Prodigious Forms of great Heroick Men
 The mighty Soul, that to his Land was given,
 But

Breathing

Breathing in moving Wax a Second Life;
 A numerous Race; a Royal Progeny,
 That weilded well the Sword, and did Employ
 Some for their Prudence; and their Conduct
 And some for Wars and Toils to be
 And Taming foreign Foes, and quelling
 Numa, for Justice and Religion
 Who holy Rites, like these, did
 And Deckt the Temple, and Rebuilt
 And taught his Subjects to Obey, his
 Next *Marcus*: Studious of the Publick
 And knowing to Adorn and
 Heedless of hardy Arms
 Wisely he bent his Royal
 To polish Manners, and rude
 And both Accomplish'd
 By good Examples
 Then *Julius*, Great in Peace, in
 But in his Virtues too
 The ghastly Image sinks the bloody
 Mangled his glaring
 Wounds! that late, and
 Sad Marks of Vulgar Rage, and
 Beyond: Great
 The Temper'd Sons of
 When Warring Families
 And Good
 Prodigious Names
 That did the mighty
 And
 New Heroes still,
 Ascending to
 They raise the
 And stretch from vast
 And Vain, winning equal
 Whicher he mounts the
 In That
 And
 And thrice the
 And

Thrice let the Holy Quire involve us, as moving in singing
 Propitious Gods, and Great *Patroni* of *Italy* and *Rome*
 With lifted Hands and sacred Songs, and some for their
 Thrice let the mingled Shouts of *Senators* and *Knights*
 And Sound the mourning Music, and some for *Wars* and some for
 'Tis done; and let the *Black* long *Funeral* Foes
 Extended Fills, the *Hallowed* Plains, and *Religious* for
 An Hundred *Senators* in *Bible* *Robes*, and *Rebels* like
 The Silent march precede, and *Rebels* like the Temple,
Patrons, for *Wisdom* and for *Virtue* and *Study* and
 And Lovers of their *Country* and their *Glories*, and
 The *Ornaments* of *Italy's* *Throne*, and *Adorn* and
 Skillful to Rule in Peace, in *War* and *Adorn* and
 The first *Messala*: Born of *Noble* *Birth*, and *Wise* he bent his
 A finish'd *Roman* *Will*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Who Justice did to Marriage Joys, and *Accomplish'd* and *Wise*
 In *Virtue* strictly *Nice*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Belov'd by all, but *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
Mecenas next, a *Noted* *Namur* too *Wise* and *Wise*
 Familiar to the *Muses*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 The Common *Genius*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 And *Prodigally* spent, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Always around *diffusive*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 And like that *praise*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Loyal in *Council*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 In *Faith* as *Steady*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Lover, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 And nearest, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Patron of *Poets*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 That *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Next *Cotta* in *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Free *Converse*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
Fabius, for *ponder'd* *Scene* and *Solid* and *Wise* and *Wise*
Piso, for *Majesty*, and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 And *Varus*, *winning* equal *Praise* of *Men*,
 Whether he mounts the *Rostrum*, or adorns the *Scene*,
 In *That* *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 With *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 Their were the *Chiefs*, did in the *Scene* and *Wise* and *Wise*
 And *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise* and *Wise*

Amazing

Amazing Pomp! Prodigious show!
Such was the Lovely Boy:
So much their Pride, so much their Joy:
To whom were due these Rites, and Universal Woe.

Behind, another Prospect fills the Eye:
Advancing Youths in shining Armour dress,
Move to the Great Solemnity.
Their Sorrow in their Tears and Drooping Looks express:
This was the Valiant Band,
That once Enjoy'd the Princes first Command:
How Beautifully sad their Grief appears!
And what a Charm a Lovely Sorrow Wears!
Their Little Trumpets form a Shriller Noise,
And interrupting break the March's Voice:
The Drums Unbra'd Rebate that Warlike Sound,
That once Inspir'd to Fights, and taught to Wound:
No more their Arms or Shields they want,
But break the Sword, and hurl the Shield:
And dragging Spears behind,
Scrawl with Inverted Points the dusty Field.

Now let the great Protection call,
And let the Sacred Choirs begin to sing,
See! See! They come, they come, they come,
And each his Cyprian Charge bring.
Immortal Bards, in various Numbers join,
And with full Voice, and full of Song,
To whom indulging Pleasure gave the Power,
And in proportion'd Numbers gave the Power,
The Powers of Gods, and Acts of Heroic Power,
Who next to Gods, and next to Gods,
Great Matters of the Song, and of the Song,
And Furnish from the present Fruitful Time:
Flaccus: his ready Lute but lately string,
When he becoming Son-in-law the New-born Age he sing:
The Lyrick wandering with unequal Feet,
Flows so smoothly, and so sweet:

And like *Maander's* Streams,
 Partaking both Extremes,
 Swiftly now, now slowly glides,
 And forms a thousand Twinings with its Tides,
 Still Rowling to its Fountain back,
 Whence with repeated Force,
 Again it runs its former Course,
 And loses all the Neighbouring Rivers in the crooked *Taganica*
 Next *Gallus*: Sprung from an Inferior Race,
 Fam'd for Complaisance, Wit, and Charming Graces,
 Nor when he Pray's the Muse, is the great *Bale* *Gallus*
 She taught him Hymns, to list his Gulls prefer'd
 Too seldom does the cautious Poet
 And gives us less of Verse, and more of Wit
 In Judgment solid, in Experience less,
 He well deserves that Label he was born to wear
 The *Dumns* Unborn'd Name that he has
 For Censure, Character, and Honour
 Whether he does with more Art
 To its severest Edge the sword of Truth
 Or decks deluding Morn in shining
 To whom *Apelle*,
 Did this double Skill impart,
 To Cure the Body, and to Please the Mind.
 Next *Archiat*, Master of the *Arts*
 And in Description Curious,
Tibullus Courteously, smooth and pure,
 And *Catullus*, for Wit and Sense, of each his
 O, were our hands in virtue
 How much did *Archiat* and *Tibullus*
 For what a *Libertus* liv'd
 To warm to gentle Love
 Or had *Libertus* liv'd
 The Heavenly *Quintus*
 The Song
 And furnish from the *precious* *Emilia* *Tace*
Flaccus: his ready Love but rarely sung
 When he becoming seems the New-born Age he sung:
 The Poet wandring with unequal Feet
 Flies to Innocence, and to Sweet:

Now begin, and strike the Lyre,
 And let the Tuneful conspire:
 Higher yet, and higher, and bright
 To a more exalted Pitch,
 Let the rising Accents reach:
 Begin a Pleasant Lay,
 That may the Mourning Sound suppress,
 Be it Pleasant, be it Gay,
 'Tis just that such as this should Teach
 The Lasting Praises of the Mighty Dead.
 Marcellus was Young and Fair,
 Was Fair as the Goddess who bore him:
 Marcellus, the Muses Care,
 For they and the Graces adore him;
 To Venus, to Venus, most Dear,
 And scarce her Adonis before him,
 Marcellus was Young and Fair,
 Yet Manly and Studious of War:
 How he led! how he Fought!
 What Art! and what Force!
 How he Grasp'd the Drawn Sword,
 MARCELLUS thus Learnt, and thus he taught,
 O he was Godlike! all and all Divine,
 But made too slight, and Wrought too fine,
 Charm, and Life, and Grace, and Spirit,
 Spirit, Wit, and Harmony,
 Sprightly Force, and Majesty,
 Did compose his finish'd Nature:
 Form'd the Body, Tun'd the Soul,
 And perfected a Lovely whole;
 Take Him, take Him, Envious Heaven,
 Though we want the Boy Below;
 'Tis a Gift the Fates have Given,
 And he sure was made for You.
 See from the Burning Pile ascending Fire,
 And curling Flames aspire:
 The frighted Eagle leaves the Top,
 And Gently stooping down,
 Takes the mighty Burden up,

And pleas'd with the Prey.

He Mounts the Bright way.

And swiftly, and Swiftly to Heav'n he's flown;
The Boy amaz'd looks back,

On Glittering Orbs, and bright Abodes.

And fearful Clings about the Feather'd Neck.

Stars, and Air, and Clouds,

Float and Glide beneath him:

Now he approaches the Empyrean;

Now he's there, he's there:

He comes, attend ye Deities;

All that Tread the Skyes.

And kindly, and kindly receive him:

Chorus. The Boy, &c.

Are we deceived? or was it Jove,

Who in his Eagles form, Descended from above:

And from the Burning Bed,

Snatcht a better Ganymed?

It is! It must be so,

And let the Gods, who know,

Tell her what the God has done.

And charge her Mourner's tears

But joining with the World's joys

And for a God, Exchange a Son:

And mayest thou, mighty Jove,

Still Enjoy

The Charming Boy.

Still enjoy thy Love:

But if Great Nature beg to see

The new Young Deity.

Show her all the God:

Let her look, and look again:

This the reward of all her pains.

She once upon the Beauteous Work

Let her feed the Greedy Eye,

Upon the lovely Effigie.

Ev'ry Feature, every Grace,

Let the Curious Goddels take,
And like that Glorious Face,

A Second Image make.

Let her form the mighty Mind,

Of Pure *Aetherial* Flame refin'd,

And like the first be all the parts design'd,

The Vigour all the same, the same the Symmetry,

Nor let her pass an *Atom* By,

But be the Body form'd of Nobler Clay,

Than that which once did the great Soul contain,

That late, that very late it may decay,

And to its former Earth return again:

Let it be for ever Young,

In ev'ry Joint and Sinew strong:

But be the Beauty still the same,

And when the Piece has all its Charms,

Give to *Leda's* Arms,

And let *Osiris's* Womb complete the finish'd Frame.

Grand Chorus.

Let her form the mighty Mind,

Of Pure *Aetherial* Flame refin'd,

And like the first be all the parts design'd,

The Vigour all the same, the same the Symmetry,

Nor let her pass an *Atom* By,

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